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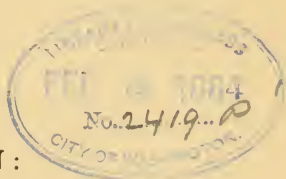
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STRAY CHORDS:

BY
JULIA R. ANAGNOS.



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STRAY CHORDS.

GREECE.

OH, say not that Hellas hath sunk in the ocean,
And left but her foam on the shroud of the sea ;
She still lives in beauty, in strength, and devotion ;
She still breathes wherever her children are free !

She speaks in their numbers, she moves in their
measures,
She glows in their feelings so kindly and true,
Nor fuller her breast of Antiquity's treasures
Than they of brave impulse to dare and to do.

Yes ! Grecians in action, and Grecians in spirit,
And Grecians in love for their dear Motherland, —
Old Salamis' skill still her seamen inherit,
And Marathon's might may be seen on her strand.

The wisdom of Athens, the firmness of Sparta,
Yet gleam in her race with unquenchable ray ;
With bosoms whose daring shames not the old valor,
They stand in the East like the children of Day.

Oh words that still teach us ! Oh breath of the sages !
How sweet o'er the aeons your echo to hear,
That tells us, who climb through the long, lonely ages,
The day of the poets and gods still is near.

The tread of old Time and his brother, the Moslem,
Crushed only the chaff, though so fiercely they
strove :

Oh, nought but the breath of great Zeus e'er could
banish

The smile of the Past from the land of her love !

Yes ! Sound for us still, deathless fame of the heroes,
And strophes of beauty, sound still o'er the deep ;
Oh, Poets, still fire us ! Oh, great ones, inspire us, —
It needs more than Time to sing Hellas to sleep !

THE DEAF BEETHOVEN.

HE sits like Memnon, turned to stone,
Yet breathing notes of glory,
Strong as old Vulcan's hammer-strokes,
Sweet as the swan's last story!

He cannot feel the mighty thrill
That sways us at his gifting, —
The thunder-echoes of his will
The world to rapture lifting ;

He cannot taste the glowing cup
His hand for us is pouring ;
He cannot with those wings rise up
On which he sends us soaring.

Strange Providence ! to crown us all
And leave the king bareheaded,
To rouse us at a deaf man's call,
And he to Silence wedded !

Yet it is thus and ever thus, —
The glory is in giving :
Those monarchs taste a deathless joy
That agonized while living.

Great Tantalus, go quench thy thirst
At fountains sempiternal,
Where broken hearts need never burst,
And all the year is vernal !

A temple fair, not made with hands,
Such was on earth thy building, —
A house not set on garish sands,
Nor marred with foolish gilding.

Its walls colossal marches are,
Its steps sonatas golden,
Its vaults the boundless symphonies
Whereby the stars are holden !

Can Phidias o'ermatch thy feat ?
Amphion cannot reach it,
Nor Orpheus, with all his love,
Nor blazing Sappho teach it.

Gigantic architect of sound !
Sublime though stricken mortal, —
Heaven closed thine ears to all around,
And oped to thee its portal.

The tones seraphic streaming thence
Are ours for now and ever ;
Then let us praise thy glorious gift
Till all our heartstrings sever !

BURIAL OF THE LAST DOGE.

A VENETIAN DIRGE.

DROP the ring ! Lay the corse !
Venice is no longer !
Death is death and force is force,
Yield we to the stronger.

Nuptial torch and fun'ral pile
This year come together :
The sea may smile a glassy smile,
We look for bitter weather !

The sable tent, for pleasure bent,
May glide along the water ;
Our rowers row, our sunset glow, —
But oh, for Glory's daughter !

'Tis her dust, that blends with his,
Here at last we bury ;
Let the deep their secret keep
While our crowds are merry.

Yes, 'twill out, with a shout, —
Venice is no longer !
Wars shall wage, tempests rage,
Guided by the stronger.

Come up, Tide, once our bride
Cover deep our weakness.
Better hide, i' th' shroud of pride,
Than live in robes of meekness.

Idly we, grim must see
Fleets to triumph sailing ;
Though our fame turn to shame,
None shall hear our wailing.

Silence, all ! Ocean's pall
Cannot veil our falling :
Sit we down, doff the crown,
Hear the echoes calling :

Drop the ring ! Lay the corse !
Venice is no longer !
Death is death and force is force,
Yield we to the stronger !

THE MINUTE-MAN.

FRENCH'S STATUE AT CONCORD.

HE left his life that we might live,
He gave us all was his to give, —
His home, his fame, his child, his wife,
And fell amid the sacred strife.

And if that strife should come again, —
That clarion call to blood and pain, —
He from his grave would rise once more,
And drive the foeman from our shore.

And as he leans upon the plough,
Fire in his eyes, wrath on his brow,
He 'minds us that our holy war
Now wages on a distant shore.¹

There, where the Moslem smites the slave,
There, where the Christian finds his grave, —
Their minute-men renew the strife
For blessèd liberty and life !

¹ Published at the time of the Russo-Turkish war.

They are the vanguard of the World,
As Greece was, when her glove was hurled,
And as all lands in turn shall be,
Till the earth ring with Liberty !

THE HEROINE.

FRANCE.

FATE spoke the dark word, and the Nation, in agony,
Bowed to the tyrant who sought but her death, —
Gave her best heart's-blood to burnish his pageantry,
Swelled his full sails with her rattling breath.

Dark was the hour when the mockers of Liberty
Slew her sweet spirit, and left but its shroud ;
Dark was the day when the Cæsar of centuries
Shrank to his isle like a thunder-charged cloud :

Fateful the fever that burned in her arteries,
Mighty the madness that shook the world's core,
When, like a giant, o'erborne in his magnitude,
Monarchy sank, to oppress her no more !

These are thine episodes, France, and a century
Clasps them together about thy frail form :
Wonder ! I see thee all blooming with happiness,
Bright as the rainbow that smiles at the storm.

Give us thy calm ! Like a beacon benignantly
Shines it to fill all the nations with cheer ;
Hardly-earned halcyons who would withhold from
thee ?
None who hold meekness and fortitude dear !

THE BRIDE.

ITALY.

MAGICIAN, Memory ! be my guide ;
Give me thy master hand,
And bring me to the artist's bride,
The golden painter-land !

Thou lead'st me, awestruck, through her halls,
Dazed, as when there I stood ;
Thou show'st me, radiant from their walls,
Color's beatitude.

How vain are they who whisper low
Thy charm, bright Land, is dead,
And, with the fetters worn so long,
Thy beauty too hath fled.

As gracefully those chains were worn
As jewels by the fair,
Yet bright as rubies was the morn
That showed they were not there !

Fairer than pearls the lovely neck
On which the iron lay ;
Happier than heaven the hero-hands
That rent the yoke away !

War-winds may rend aside thy veil
Of mediæval haze ;
The orange-wreath still shrouds thy brow,
With loveliness ablaze.

Tempests but clear the Time-thick air,
To bid thee longer breathe ;
Thus freedom-crowned, thou art more fair ;
Our proud age shall bequeath

Thee, saved, unto Posterity,
Perennial with light :
Decay unclasps his hold on thee,
And folds his wings of night !

GOETHE FINISHING WILHELM MEISTER.

Go on, Old Man, and tell the withered story !
The royal chaff is better than our corn ;
And, though the tale have lost Romance's glory,
It shines with glimpses of a better morn.

Weary we wade through fields of languid fiction,
Sigh with relief to reach each bound'ry-stone,
Yet pray the echo of thy magic diction
To linger still, nor leave us quite alone.

Too long thou livèd'st, to be merely mortal :
Poised on the barrier sang the parting soul ;
Yet joy we in these echoes of the portal,
Ere thou wert merged in the Eternal Whole !

A GREEK VASE.

Poor little fragile, pleading clay !
Yet weaker is our own,
That 'neath Time's finger melts away,
While thou endurest on, —

Telling the ages grim a tale
Of household life and cheer ;
The precious drops thou once did'st hold
Make thy slight form still dear.

How shall it be, when ours are laid
Within the shielding mould ?
Oh ! shall the spirit all be spilled
Which these frail vases hold ?

Or shall they run to swell a stream
Of perfect, deathless love, —
The river of the sacred dream,
The Heaven-flood above ?

CONSOLATION.

THE angel that stooped o'er the Valley of Death,
And blew in a hope like a violet's breath,
Is now by the blue sea, long acres away,
And I would she were here, as she was on that day !

The fair Adriatic of Venice may boast,
The lovely Ægean caress her own coast ;
But the strand of all strands that is dearest to me,
Is the one where my angel beholds the blue sea !

Oh! could it all turn to one violet vast,
And breathe out a scent that forever should last,
It would be no sweeter than that single breath
Which my angel dropped down in the Valley of
Death !

GRATITUDE. ✓

CROWN the altar high with lilies,
String the harp with rows of pearl,
Heap the roses on the goblet, —
All your brightest flags unfurl !

Love hath made the world and kept it,
Love will help it onward move :
When it slumbered, Love protected ;
When it wakened, there was Love, —

Smiling o'er the giant cradle
Where Posterity lay hushed,
Raising men to stir and kindle
When Humanity was crushed ;

Soothing on the field of battle,
Rousing 'mid the halls of ease ;
Healing 'neath the cannon's rattle,
Wounding but to cure disease ;

Urging onward and restraining,
Quenching but to light again,
Building with Destruction's chisel,
Healing by the touch of Pain !

Giant storm and genial rainbow,
Chilling snows and tropic heats,
All renew the raptured pæan,
Each the happy tale repeats.

Pearly Dawn and tender Evening,
Blazing Noon and Morning's rose,
Love hath made the world and kept it,
Love will love it to its close !

HAWTHORNE.

IN colors new,
Like early dew,
 He dips his magic brush,
To give us flowers
Fair and few,
 'Mid the early forest's hush.

At his silken loom
He doth weave the gloom
 And joy of those olden days,
And throws o'er all his own wild bloom,
 Or a veil of golden haze.

What guerdon rare shall our hearts prepare,
 Magician mild, for thee?
At thy misty shrine let our tapers shine,
 Dimly but gratefully.

THE PURITANS.

HONOR to Thought that would not stoop
To compromise with Form !
Honor to Faith that could not droop
In Persecution's storm !

Our steps are yours ; but mountains
Have sprung where plains ye trod :
You built the bridge to Freedom,
And we go on to God.

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER
"PRINCESS ALICE."

Go down, fair ship ! How soon shall she
That named thee share thy fate,
And pass from earthly dignity
To joys without a date !

Go down, fair ship ! The tears of all
Blend with the swelling brine,
That spreads around its mournful pall
To swallow thee and thine !

Go down, fair form ! Thy land may call
Thee by a royal name ;
But loving are the hearts of all
That knew thy gentle fame :

The tender mother-hand that led
The well-loved children on,
The heart that lent to woman's weal
The radiance of her crown ;

The honest thought, the noble mind,
The face so sweet and grave, —
Like you, fair ship, in mem'ry shrined,
Sink 'neath the weeping wave.

Oh, crowns are gay and banners brave,
And hearts are glad and light ;
But Death's dark ocean rears its wave,
And veils them from our sight.

A mighty Mother cannot save
Her cherished child from doom ;
She yields her to the mightier grave,
While life is yet abloom.

Yet happier, is it not, to part
While all we love is ours ? —
Ere the first blossoms of the heart
Yield to pale Winter's flowers ?

The bridal wreath, the mother's crown,
The gentle sovereign's sway,
With sweet obedience she laid down,
And trod the heavenly way.

There stars the household tapers burn
Of heaven's serener home,
And there our lovèd ones in turn,
To claim our kindred come ;

There crowns of holier happiness
Await the martyr's brow ;
There mourners reap the farewell kiss
That is denied them now .

O Mother ! 'Tis not now the seas
That part thee from thy love :
'Tis Azraël, mightier than these ;
Then turn thine eyes above !

O children ! Angel joys await
The form that late was yours,
Whose gentle shadow o'er your lives
Must fall from far-off shores.

O spouse ! O Nation ! Wedded joys
And gentle state must cease ;
The brightest of poor Earth's alloys
Were dim to heavenly peace.

O Ship ! O Lady ! Fare, farewell,
 'Mid sighs and laurels perished !
All tender hearts their griefs shall tell
 For the beloved and cherished !

.

CONFLAGRATION.

BOSTON, 1872.

ALL crowned with snakes, the direful Queen
In raiment fierce comes on :
Medusa's coronet, when seen,
Turns all our hearts to stone.

Look! eyes of coal and topaz hair,
The raging fiend draws near :
Her smile benumbs us with its glare,
And half subdues our fear.

The heart amazed can scarce give thought
To earthly life and breath ;
The demon dread her work has wrought
With the grim might of Death.

Incendiaries are thy priests,
Thine altars are our homes,
Thy sacrifice our fireside feasts,
And stores of priceless tomes.

Oh quench, oh slake! Some respite take
To still thy cruel thirst!
Must all our lifeblood be the stake,
Or e'er the charm can burst?

There is no pity in the tread
Wherewith she dances measure
Bacchantic o'er our hearthstones dead,
And graves of every treasure.

Like Indian writhing in his wrath
A dance of horrid glee,
Flame-painted, she enwhirls our path
With hissing minstrelsy.

With smoky scourge, with deathless torch,
With arms wild brandishing,—
See! marble takes dark midnight's hue,
'Mid their grim blandishing.

Oh! be it ours to save the home
Of honors fresh and hoary,
Nor perish meanly at the tomb
Of all our early glory!

In chains we'll lead Death's monster-queen,
Stifle her hungry raging,
Trample upon her haughty mien,
And quench the war she's waging !

SLEEP.

COME, gentle death of Care and Sorrow !
Rock us to a new to-morrow !
Bankrupts in Life's tear and turmoil,
We thy recompense would borrow.

Never thou withhold'st allayment,
Cloth'st the mind in softer raiment
Than the worn rags of her toiling,
Dim with labor's rust and soiling.

Thy soft touch dispels each wound ;
In our ear thy pinions sound,
Like a nurse's gentle tale,
Stifling quick the infant's wail.

We, thy children, dazed and straying,
For thy soft Good-Night are praying ;
Mother Mild, give us thy blessing
'Mid the moonbeams' soft caressing,
As down Lethe's restful tide
In the boat of dreams we glide.

WAKING.

COME, precious Morning, gift of God !
Black Night, I flee from thee,
Like daisy struggling through the sod
To light and liberty.

The crystal dome of yon pure sky
Is filled with sudden rays,
And, like the lark, I'd soar on high,
To seek the fount of Days !

The downy curtains of dull Sleep
Are drawn aside for me :
Farewell, ye shades, that dew-drops weep, —
Day brings hilarity !

WARRIOR'S DRINKING SONG.

I DRINK strong wine and live again,
I lose my woes, I lose my pain :
Old youth goes coursing through each vein
As I drink strong wine and live again !

On water white let younglings live,
O'er milk let chicken-hearts forgive ;
But pour me the war-cup's bloody rain,
Till I drink the strong wine and live again !

A giant race hath giant lips,
A clan of pigmies feebly sips ;
Hail to the red moon ere she wane !
Drink the strong wine and live again !

Ere they reap peace we war must sow,
Ere they wear fleece we arms must show.
Forward, my heroes ! All is gain :
Drink the strong wine and live again !

WARRIOR'S LOVE SONG.

OH, be my love a gleaming torch,
To light the way to glory ;
Let all my heart's warm drops stand forth,
And write the glowing story !

Oh, be my love a soothing lyre,
To lull my breast to slumber,
Beside the bivouac's lurid fire,
When Death doth comrades number !

Oh, be my love a rapid bow,
To shoot the heart that scorns me ;
And be my love a fun'ral glow,
To soothe the soul that mourns me !

1815.

VEIL thine eye, Imperial Eagle,
For the sun of glory's low ;
Sluggish plain and snowy mountain,
Blood-red bathing in its glow.

Stifle, Violet, thy perfume ;
Golden Bee, thy hum forget :
For the conqueror has vanished,
And the Allied Ones are met.

Let on ev'ry field of battle,
Did his mighty magic see ;
Crimson flowers upspringing, startle,
Taxing fickle Victory.

Wingless, did the Hellenes call her ?
Faithless, froward she 's, and weird ;
Never on the world's dark canvas,
Have such scenes as these appeared.

Austerlitz, Marengo, Jena !
Ye could tell another tale
Than Bellerophon now hearkens
Underneath his sinking sail.

Whisper low, lest spirits hear it,
That drew all their pride from thee ;
Lest thy martial dead should listen,
Lose their immortality.

Ah ! ye all must shine and vanish, —
Mighty comet, tiny star ;
But the century cannot banish
Traces of her god of War.

Yes ! The giant footsteps linger,
While thou fad'st behind the sea :
E'en thy foemen, closely clutching,
Own the good they got from thee.

Gratitude's a lesson never
To be learned by mortal man :
Yet must rev'rence fill forever
Eyes, thine earthly works that scan.

And, say, what shall be thy working
In a further, brighter sphere?
Mighty be the spirit's pinions
That o'ershadowed us e'en here.

RETROSPECTION.

TO CHARLES SUMNER.

INTEGRITY did seek a form
Fit for her perfect shrine,
Colossal to oppose the storm
Of modern greed — 'twas thine !

The wretched, torn, and naked slave
Cried for a soul divine,
The oppressor's blinded wrath to brave
With Virtue's calm — 'twas thine !

Wisdom desired a lover firm,
True to each tryst and sign,
A heart wherein her smallest germ
To harvests grew — 'twas thine !

The Nation asked a mighty son,
All honors to combine ;
A life that should command the world
To love and awe — 'twas thine !

And oh, thy friends dream of a brow
Which deathless bays should twine,
And tones deep, genial, silent, now —
Great Sumner, these were thine !

TO ART.

Coy, flitting Maiden, prompt to flee
At the first shadow of neglect,
Rewarding e'en a thought of thee
With brighter gems than ever decked

The border of a monarch's robe :
How gladly would I wed for aye,
Thee, fairest empress of the globe,
And yet as Dian wild and shy !

I grasp thy train : Thou proudly say'st
My touch lacks earnestness and fire :
I seek dull sleep, but thou dismays't
My soul with fresh-awaked desire.

Say, dost thou love me, or disdain ?
Speak, — shall I ever clasp thy hand ?
Vanishing, wilt thou come again ?
Near, shall I trust the subtle band

Which ties and breaks and binds again
Inspiring trust, despair, and joy?
Say, Art, am I thy trusted swain,
Or but caprice's savage toy?

She's mute! Or, sullen or amused,
She turns her head without reply.
Say, am I but a swain abused,
Or is she mine eternally?

TO POESY.

WING of the white dove, bear me away !
For the earth is dull and asleep to-day :
My friends are false and my foes are strong,
Fain would I lose my grief in song.
There, where our lost are forever found,
There, where the sick are forever sound,
There, where no snow lies on the ground, —
Thither, O Fair One ! let us be bound.
Visions of youth that bloomed for me
Faded too soon and bitterly,
Friends that brought gifts youth could not prize,
Smiling farewell with fading eyes,
Flowers that I've worshipped and buds that I've
 bruised,
Vines that I've gathered and birds that I've loosed,
All that have perished, and all that were mine,
Bring them again, O Dove divine !

THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER.

SHE was a Venetian Princess, and lived in the days
of eld :

A Marquis offered her goblet, a Signor her jewels
held,

A Noble sighed at her elbow, a Senator strove for
her ear, —

But oh ! 'twas the lonely Poet, — he loved her and
loved her dear !

She was a Venetian Princess, and dwelt in the palace
high ;

The winds and waves of the Lido, they fed her with
melody ;

Her father dreamed of a crownlet, the maiden
dreamed of a veil ;

But oh ! 'twas the Poet loved her, — he loved her
and grew so pale !

She was a Venetian Princess, and often prayed to
Saint Mark,

Her gondolier was a-waiting where the moon kissed
the waters dark ;

She has crossed with the holy symbol, she has prayed
at the altar high,

Beware, O thou Doge's daughter,— the seal of thy life
is nigh !

The prophets and saints in the gilding, they kindly
smile on the maid ;

She has passed from the sacred building, not happy,
yet not afraid ;

She has reached the whispering water, and her orders
soft would tell :

“Beware, O thou Doge's daughter, — this rower can
sing as well ! ”

'Tis he ! 'tis the fiery Poet, would bear her away o'er
the wave ;

Her life is sealed, she doth know it, and gives him
her hand so brave.

Yes ! Home is sweeter than fortune, and love is
warmer than pride !

She has left the Dukes and their crownlets, to dwell
by the Poet's side.

She was a Venetian Princess, but her face was hid in
her veil,

And underneath the Palazzo her cheeks they grew
deathfully pale ;

But away, now, thou lusty rower ! under the brightest
of moons,
To a shore that doth not know her, far from the old
lagoons !

THE CROWN.

[On sending to a funeral some flowers which had been gathered for a feast.]

Go ! Grace a better scene than that
For which I culled thy beauty ;
I plucked thee for an hour of joy,
And send thee forth to duty !

Bloom not where friends may smile and meet,
And then half-coldly sever ;
But deck her brow, who'll smile no more,
Or else smile on forever.

Thorns oft may crown Joy's costly cup,
Within which woe is sleeping,
And grief hath its own ecstasy,
And knows the bliss of weeping.

Oh, brilliant tears ! Oh, bitter smile !
Oh, crown of joy and sorrow !
Let me but rest a little while, —
I'll wear you on the morrow !

SONG.

SHE WAS MORE FAIR THAN BEAUTY.

SHE was more fair than beauty,
More exquisite than light,
Sweet as a strain of music,
More perfect than delight.

And brighter than the rainbow,
And fresher than the dew,
Like honey were the numbers
Upon her lips that grew.

She was more mild than mercy,
She was more true than truth,
She was more firm than iron,
She was more young than youth ;

Than piety more tender,
Than equity more straight,
Than branching palms more slender,
More resolute than fate.

She was more gay than morning,
She was more fresh than health,
She was more dear than kindness,
She was more rich than wealth.

She smote upon her harpstring,
She smote upon my heart :
Fair Dunstan ! Lo, this anvil
Is wax beneath thine art.

But I have lived before thee,
And I must live again :
Since life must curtain o'er thee,
Why swathe this soul in pain ?

Oh, hide thee from my glances,
And vanish like a breath !
For to woo thee would be madness,
And to give thee up is death !

THE PAINTER'S HOÛR.

WARM as rubies, fair as silver,
Came the maid that gentle day :
Blue was all her slender girdle,
Blue bound back her ringlets gay.

Dark her robe, how little recking,
Long she'd wear that hue for him,
Bade he turn her tender profile,
Light without her eyes grew dim.

O fair youth ! O fairest blossom !
Press, enjoy it while you may ;
Swift comes Winter's malediction
Upon Summer's harvests gay.

Well he knew a year's swift passage
Bore for him the last good-night ;
Knew he could not take her with him, —
Her, his spirit's sole delight.

Oh ! But dearer far than heaven,
Fairer than all joys he knew,
Was the hour the maid stood by him,
With her ringlets framed in blue.

THE BLOOD ORANGE.

I.

Two fair fruit-trees stood together,
Down in the South in the sunny weather,
Together swayed in the loving blue,
Together blossomed, together grew.

Jewels bright they waved aloft,
Held for the kiss of the breezes soft ;
By the pomegranate's ruby round
Nestling, the golden globe was found.

The leaves they whisper, the leaves they tell
That all is peaceful, and all is well :
Hark to the Mid-sea's distant swell,
And to the convent's gentle knell ;

The breeze that sings its ballad soft
To the rustle dim of the leaves aloft,
The singing bees and the singing birds,
And the kindly low of the high-horned herds.

II.

Two fair children strayed together
Down in the South in the sunny weather, —
Together sported, together strove,
Whispered their mirth to the tell-tale grove :

Brightly their eyes' dark torches shine,
And their young cheeks glow like the early wine,
As, laughing, they fill their nut-brown hands
With the fairy fruit for other lands.

The rubies for homely thirsting are,
But the orange must send its gems afar, —
Far o'er the sea, o'er the swelling main,
Where life is labor and pleasure vain :
Thither the golden fruit must go,
There must they shed their lovely glow.

III.

Red was the ruby fruit to the last,
Like ruddy light upon jewels cast ;
But the orange blushed on its cheek of gold,
For the bye-gone bliss of the days of old, —
Blushed for the blue of the Midland sea,
Where the waves sport on so merrily ;

For the air that sang its ballad soft
To the rustle dim of the boughs aloft ;
For the kiss of the trees that grew together
Down in the South in the sunny weather !

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

THOSE azure eyes and gentle lips
And curls of pallid gold,
Like prayer-beads upon finger-tips,
Within our thoughts we hold,

To count them off at Beauty's shrine ;
But thy smile we cannot tell,
For that, my dear, is scarcely thine, —
'Tis only heaven's All 's well !

Roll back the long curls with the tips of thy fingers,
And shine out between them in azure surprise !
The sunlight of heaven on thy forehead still lingers,
And there's more than all earth in the depths of
thine eyes.

Come out from the recess, come forth from the bower,
Come out in the sunshine, my fairy and queen !
The whole earth concentrated to bring forth one flower,
And she was the sweetest that ever was seen !

Oh, laugh! let me hear thee, and let the long echo
Roll back from the lake and the wood and the
grove,
Till the sturdy rocks melt with the joy to be near
thee,
And Winter's stiff self turn to Summer with
love!

Shine out, my little, harmless star,
Upon a withered, weary world!
Beam bright upon it from afar,
With dimpled cheek and smile all pearled!

Oh, pluck the honey, charming bee,
And leave the ugly thorns behind;
For all of us are sweet to thee,
And nothing bitter shalt thou find.

The flower thou gather'dst fell away,
But all of us will bloom for thee,
To turn thine early night to day,
And make thee gleam eternally.

Oh speak, for I'm near thee,
Oh sing, for I'll hear thee,
Oh droop, for I'll cheer thee,
 My queen and my dove !
Oh frown, for I'll fear thee,
Fall down, and I'll rear thee,
Grow brown, still I'll wear thee,
 My lily and love !

Oh scold, for I'll bear it,
Grow old, and I'll share it,
Grow cold, not despair it,
 My darling, will I !
Grow learnèd, I'll read thee,
Grow haughty, I'll heed thee,
Grow hungry, I'll feed thee,
 Grow false, and I'll die !

Oh dance, for I'll see thee,
Oh threat, for I'll flee thee,
Oh beck, I'll be wi' thee,
 Before thou canst wait ;
Oh deck, I'll admire thee,
Be chill, still thou'lt fire me,
Be still, I'll inspire thee,
 My beautiful mate !

Soar like a song-bird 'mong the clouds!
Thy voice will fail, and thou'lt come back.
Sail o'er the sea with studded shrouds,
My love shall follow on thy track!

Oh break away! The deathless gold
Upon thy brow shall light me still;
Oh take away thy gentle hold,
But I am anchored at thy will.

Oh think me far, and I am near,
Oh think me cold, and I am warm,
Oh think me deaf, I still will hear,
Oh think me dead, I'll own thy charm!

SAD the opal is to me,
With its glow of dusk and dawn,
Veil of milk drawn fitfully,
Fires as shy as eye of fawn.
Sad to me that jewel fair ;
Lost ones' smiles are gleaming there !

On a lovely brow laid low
Once I hung the opal's crest,
And its twin, with fiery glow,
Laid I on a lovelier breast :
Brow and breast Death would not spare,
Though the opal glittered there !

Sad, sad youth, sad days long fled,
Sad the calling of the dead,
Low and lone!

Sad the gateway where we part,
Sad grim Sorrow's poisoned dart,
Saddest still of all thou art,
Mournful Stone!

Where's the smile, the echo where?
Where the gleam of golden hair?
All are gone;
Only still the opal gleams,
Drop of fire from magic streams,
On life's strand:
See! it beckons me away,—
On to homes of quenchless day,
Glimmering with its weirdsome ray
On Death's hand!

OLE BULL.

THERE 's a fairy in the violin, —
A Norse-imprisoned fay ;
She struggles in her Master's arms,
And fain would flit away.

But, like the bird whose prison pours
Song's gold upon the air,
Stretching our Northern frost-framed walls
To Southern forests rare,

The gentle chord that binds her breaks
The fetters of our care ;
The lay of her captivity
Makes all our lives more fair.

O gentle Fairy! Lead the way
Through realms of fiction sweet, —
The cradles of Sicilian day,
The North-King's halls of sleet.

The whirlwind and the icy blast
Meet in thy captive wail ;
Flowers and gems are round thee cast,
Flung from thy forehead pale.

.

But, though we glean a golden glow
From the sweet spirit's strife,
Say, is it fair to hold her so,
A prisoner for life ?

O Master ! set the fairy free !
End her poetic pain ;
Nay, tastes she but the common air,
She'll soon fly home again !

TO MARCIA.

MARCIA with the eyes divine,
Clearly looking into mine,
What fair sun doth through them shine
 Far away?
Glow they by another's light?
Beam they by their own sweet might?
Oh! without them it is night
 After day.

Marcia with the eyes divine,
Fruits and flowers for sunlight pine,
Calling on their king to shine
 In the shade, —
Come, and let me call thee mine,
And forever shalt thou shine:
Boundless empire shall be thine,
 Dearest Maid!

THE LILY'S REQUIEUM.

LAY away our lily dear
To her lovely rest ;
Plant her where she'll grow more fair,
Blooming 'mid the Blest !

Let our tears the dewdrops be
On her snowy leaves :
Blossoms of Eternity
Chide the heart that grieves.

Angel hands shall tend her there,
Proffering the crown,
While, from heaven's happy air,
Smiling she looks down.

VIOLETS.

BURSTING from the common clod,
Where the common foot has trod,
How ye glorify the sod,
Bringing messages from God,
 After storm and night !
Royal purple mantles glow
O'er the earth that shuddered so,
Underneath her shroud of snow,
 Still and white.

Like the purple of the Morn,
Heralding the Day unborn,
Laughing hostile Night to scorn,
 Ye appear ;
While in Earth's poor ear long dulled,
And by hopeless tempests lulled,
Spring, with choicest garlands culled,
 Whispers, Summer's near !

THE BARD TO THE ROSE-TREE.

MINE of sweetness, budding out,
Goddess hedged with pain about ;
Beauty ruddy both and fair,
Wedding York and Lancaster,—
 Knows the desert she adorns
 That my Rose-tree 's full of thorns ?

Woe ! for she has pricked my hand, —
Cruellest Rose-tree in the land !
By the pain I'm all unmanned,
Losing pleasures I had planned.
 Knows the man whom Beauty scorns
 That the Rose-tree 's full of thorns ?

But I know a sickle sharp
In the tones of Blondel's harp.
Rose-tree, thou may'st shake and carp,
Minstrel's strings did never warp.
 Dreams the desert she adorns
 That I'll cut the Rose-tree's thorns ?

SING *that there will come a day*
When the Rose-tree'll fade away,—
When her haughty yea or nay
Without victims she may say.

Let her choose while she adorns,—
Transient Rose-tree, full of thorns !

Then upon the Rose's cheek
Tears of dew did quickly speak,
Blushes red of sudden shame,
Pallid hues of well-earned blame.

Laugh, thou desert she adorns,—
Mine's the Rose-tree full of thorns !

MORAL.

And for thee, thou damask dame,
Scorning Minstrel's earnest flame,
Catch the singer while he's tame :
Bird two seasons never came.

Scornful Beauty often mourns ;
Minstrel's love not ladies' thorns.

THE SINGER.

WHAT shall the Minstrel say ?
All hath been sung,
Ere the New World saw day,
When Greece was young ;

When in Ausonia
Poets arose,
Stripping e'en melody
From their old foes ;

When the wild Siegfried slew
Dragons and men,
When the great Sagas grew,
All was sung then.

When the full bard-notes rang
O'er rock and dell,
When he of Florence dreamed
Heaven and Hell ;

When Avon's peerless bird
Wondrously sang,
When Byron's rugged mace
Through the world rang.

Music hath votaries,
Music hath priests,
Triumphs and auguries,
Temples and feasts.

Then let me break my lyre,
Shatter my lute !
Did the gods this desire,
Thou had'st been mute.

Singing is ecstasy,
Poet is king ;
Let no one hark to me,
Still I will sing !

PÆAN.

WEEP not for him ! He is gone to his glory ;
Weep for the many, who live to their shame !
Write his name high 'mid the World's sacred story :
“ Here was a life that was spotless from blame ! ”

Drape the pall low ! Let it hang o'er the living ;
Give the fresh rose to the angel that's gone !
Sacred is sorrow, though Death's unforgiving ;
Strive for his footsteps, and bid him lead on !

So shall one chain, from the earth to the holy,
Break the dark tomb, and burst open its door ;
Conquer we heaven 'mid this life dim and lowly,
Death shall not sever or frighten us more !

RESIGNATION.

FLY away, little bird, to another's nest,
And leave me alone with my wounded breast ;
Farewell the rapture and farewell the care, —
Farewell to your wings as they whirl through the air !

My tree was not for thy plumage gay,
My leaves were dull for thy rainbow play ;
Too sweet thy song for the shade I spread,
Too gnarled my bough to protect thy head.

Blest was the hour when thou wert mine :
Tempests might beat and hot suns shine,
The heavens threat and the earth grow brown,
I was thy home, and thou my crown.

Thou hast taken thy song to another shade,
Thou hast shaken thy wings o'er my crests that fade,
Thou hast sung a last note for to be my knell, —
Bird of the air, farewell, farewell !

BARCAROLLE.

COME out o'er the bright foam,
But only with me !

Come out o'er the blue waste,
And taste of the sea !

Come out o'er the billow, its sparkles to see,
For wherever there 's beauty is homestead for thee !

Come, drink of October, that delicate wine ;
Come, drink of the breezes, and quaff them as thine !
I'll proffer the goblet, I'll steer thee about,
The Autumn stands waiting : come out, love —
come out !

TO THE LOVED ONE.

Love is a flower
That needs each hour
To have its roots renewed ;
Love is a power
Of heavenly dower
That must be used for good.

Love is a rainbow in the skies
That fades, if sun shines not ;
Love is a look in dearest eyes,
That ne'er can be forgot.

Love is a blush upon the rose
That withers with neglect ;
Love is a bark upon the shore
That easy may be wrecked.

Then take the little, trembling flower,
And nurse it in thy breast ;
Thou'lt plant it mid the stars on high
That shine among the Blest !

TOAST.

FAIR HOSTESS.

THE feast of the immortals, bright lady,
Is not more Olympic than thine,
With thy little ones smiling around thee,
And their roses more ruby than wine !

'Tis true, when we're old they'll outstrip us ;
'Tis true, when we halt they will dance ;
'Tis true, when we're dull they will quip us ;
'Tis true, when we're quenched they will glance !

Yet bring me the cup of old friendship,
And fill it, friends, up to the brim !
Let us drink to the days that are coming,
Though the days we have worshipped grow dim.

Yes ! I drink a fresh cup to the future, —
Let it come on as brisk as it will !
Though it put out my candle with daylight,
It cannot bid my heartstrings be still !

INFLUENCE.

OH, no ! I cannot leave thee, —
Thy life inspires my lyre ;
Thy being doth transfuse mine own
With all a poet's fire.

Within those eyes doth beam the fount
Of all I long to say ;
And from thy soul to mine doth mount
The passion of my lay.

From thee I take the ruby cup,
The throbbing harp from thee ;
My being to thine own looks up,
And thirsts eternally.

FRIENDSHIP.

FAIR water once was turned to wine,
Its pearls like rubies glowing,
Where marriage 'neath the smile Divine
From bridal buds was growing ;

And life, that cold and oozing flows,
A frozen, sluggish river,
When Friendship on its surface glows,
How all the wavelets quiver !

The selfish task that leaden seems,
Grows light with love to speed it ;
The fainting fire that feeble gleams,
Glow bright when dear ones feed it ;

And boundless mines of richest gems,
And powers all unsuspected,
Are ours, when Friendship calls to light
The gifts we had neglected.

It is the alchemist of life, —
The Midas of existence;
It bears the olive amid strife,
And concord 'mid resistance.

Without it love grows dim and pale,
And with it hate grows tender;
Without it boundless wealth must fail;
With it no store seems slender.

It is full brave when death draws near,
And tender 'tis of living;
It only asks in Heaven's ear
The ecstasy of giving!

BYRON.

STRENGTH of the antique gods is thine, —
Old Pan's rude blast of mirth,
The echo of the Age divine
That gave the Titans birth !

Olympian thy genius was,
Though earth thy home might be :
Thou carrièst on the mighty trace
The gods bequeathed to thee.

Nay, when thy thunders peal about,
I think of giant Jove ;
I hear the gods in battle shout
The war-cry that they love.

O wayward bard ! O warrior dear !
Seer and knight in one, —
Thy brighter nature blossomed clear
'Neath our Hellenic sun.

They love thee still, still they revere
The guardian spirit brave,
Who fought 'neath Freedom's banner clear,
To cherish and to save.

The valiant blood of Normans bold,
Thou brought'st to perish there,
Amid the Ancients' sacred hold,
Which thy great soul did share.

Soft be thy sleep amid the dead,
Eternal be thy fame, —
Undying as the gratitude
That twines about thy name.

The faults thy weeping spirit left
Let dwarfs delight to tell;
The while thy deathless Muse sings on
To us, that loved thee well!

ST. HELENA.

COULD Helen, lovely 'mong the saints,
As she of Troy 'mid queens of Eld,
Have heard the mighty captive's plaints,
Who should in her fair arms be held,
How had she scorned the error vile,
That named for her this cruel isle!

Take back the name! Fair Helen owned
A heart too tender for the world;
Why bring to her a fallen god, —
A Titan from his summits hurled?
Fiends could not at his downfall smile, —
How the sweet patron of this isle?

Oh, find for him some limbo wild,
That Dante saw and Homer dreamed;
Or he, the North's erratic child,
On whose dim page the Future gleamed:
Humble him not upon the earth,
That saw the giant at his birth.

Rack Northland's Edda for a strength
Greater than his, that lies so low, —
A demigod in mortal pain,
A Cæsar sunk to common woe.
Who, who thy crimes remembers now?
Thou 'rt suffering: let the nations bow!

And ye, who fed upon his power,
Proud that one mother lent you life,
And leave him in this fateful hour,
Forsaken in his mortal strife, —
A curse upon your selfhood light,
That kissed the monarch in his might.

E'en Judas sought remorseful death,
In fields of blood his anguish sowed;
But you draw on your worthless breath
In luxury's perverse abode,
While your creator lacks those gifts
Which pitying Love to Sorrow lifts.

The little Crossbill plucked the nail
From out the Saviour's suffering palms;

Shall modern love and kinship fail
To give the prisoner his alms?
Fie! Grovel in your halls of ease,
Too feeble for such scenes as these!

And thou, fair flower, — ambition-crushed,
That gave thy latest breath for him, —
The only lovely thing that blushed
On the war-crater's fearful rim, —
Let thy soft leaves breathe heavenly air
Upon the captive's cup of care.

And Helen, in that hour of doom,
When men can wreak their wrath no more;
When Vengeance (flower of hellish bloom!)
Grows vainly on this fateful shore;
When battling dreams recede from him,
And e'en that eagle eye grows dim, —
Pray, while Heaven blots the clinging ill,
The Good he wrought continue still!

PEACE.

WEEP not when bays to olives yield,
The rose supplants the yew ;
Weep not to see each lovely field
Bear blossoms 'stead of rue.

Grieve not to hear the gentle harp
Replace the clarion call,
The icy war-blast's echo sharp
To the soft zephyr fall.

Mourn not that glad hearts need not break,
Nor opening blossoms perish ;
Mourn not that age, that cries for aid,
Some loved one still can cherish.

'Tis great to lead the noble van
Against the foeman's lair ;
'Tis sweet to call the children home,
And lose no footstep there !

HYMN.

O ROBED in rainbows ! Dost Thou need
A single breath of praise from me ?
My heart in homage strong doth bleed
Its hymn of gratitude to Thee.

Thou rid'st upon the Northern blasts,
And on the simoom's scorching trail ;
Thou bend'st the frigate's haughty masts,
And men before thy breath grow pale.

Thou light'st the stars, thy candles bright,
They bloom in the up-vaulted sky ;
The moon bestows her tender light
To gild the splendid canopy.

Thou rend'st the curtains, and the sun
Beams terrible upon the earth ;
His haughty race full soon is run,
His death is sudden as his birth.

Thou kindl'st wars and comets dire,
And quenchèst them in peace and love ;
Thou lightèst at men's hearts the fire
That only can be stilled above.

PEARLS.

PEARLS let the Minstrel scatter ;
 Within his mind they grow,
And would caress your pathway
 Like flakes of heavenly snow.

Pearls let the Minstrel scatter,
 Pure as Parnassus' fleece, —
Fair messengers of perfect love,
 Of more than perfect peace.

Pearls let the Minstrel scatter,
 With full, free-giving hand ;
They're seeds of heavenly happiness
 From his own fatherland.

Pearls let the Minstrel scatter
 O'er every path of Life,
Telling of bliss that nurses woe,
 And heals it from the strife !

Pearls let the Minstrel scatter,
 To crown the weary way,
And at the pearly portal
 That leads to perfect day,
Pearls let the Minstrel scatter !

THE CENTENNIAL.

COME back, come back from ev'ry hand,
Ye who are noble born,
And haste to hail our sacred strand—
My Native Land, good morn !

O Land, if such hath been thy birth,
Say, what shall be thy day?
Freedom to all the waiting earth,
When these poor eyes are clay !

JEANNE D'ARC.

LEAD me to France, that I may pluck
Fair lilies from her fields,
And laurel that the poet loves,
And bays for victors' shields ;

Grapes that gay Bacchus had not scorned, —
The olive's peaceful leaf,
The smooth-cheeked bloom of Southern fruit,
The harvest's shining sheaf.

How lovely is the wreath they twine,
How wild the scenes they frame,
From fields of might where heroes shine,
To Paris, wreathed in flame !

And shall France weave no crown for thee,
Through whom alone she breathes, —
Type of all high humanity
That heaven to earth bequeathes ?

Hide not thy modest fame away
In annals of the past !
Thy holy presence lives to-day,
Around thy country cast.

Fair Maiden-mother of a land
That shines among the fair !
Bravest of all the saintly band
The Church can show us there !

Priestess, nor mystic ! Shining dart
Shot from the bow of Fate
Into the Future's mighty heart, —
Bright gem without a mate !

Life's fountain never shed a drop
So pure, so clear as thou :
Sunbeams and thorns together twine
Round thine effulgent brow.

Thine eye of might, that armies quelled,
Wept the sad captive's tear ;
The hand that reins of nations held
Was burned to ashes sere.

The heart whose pulse all Europe felt
Was agonized in death,
Till Heaven kindly bent o'er thee,
And took thine angel breath.

ASPIRATION.

WHAT can we offer Thee, Greatest and Best ?
Still Thou hast cared for us, still Thou hast blest !
East, West, and South to us now are the same :
Thine arms are under us, great is Thy name !

Say, shall we fight for Thee ? Say, shall we strive ?
Say, shall we die for Thee ? Say, shall we live ?
Laurels are pale to Thee, honors are naught ;
Earthly gifts fail to Thee, by labor bought.

What shall we bring to Thee, — fasting and care,
Penance and pilgrimage, vigil and prayer ?
None that want sympathy shall ask in vain ;
None that cry LIBERTY shall wear a chain !

Take Thou this gift of us, for it is Thine ;
All men are one to us, O Thou Divine !
Heaven and earth to us now are the same :
Thine arms are under us, great is Thy name !

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

FAIRER amid her woes than all
The princesses of Eld,
With eyes that dazzling heights of power
And darkest depths beheld:

Hands that could hold an empire's rein,
Or clasp a jewelled toy,
And face forever unsurpassed
For pathos and for joy :

Form all afloat with fairy life,
Instinct with majesty, —
How empty still thy graceful niche !
Who, who replaceth thee ?

Oh, could we press a rose upon
Each scar the thorns have made,
With thousand sacred tapers scare
Each hideous phantom shade, —

Say, would'st thou come again to earth,
Or hast thou learned to scorn
This cradle of a double birth,
Where joy and woe are born?

Fain would we smooth for thee a path,
Hedged in by sheltering love ;
But look ! Through gates of blood and death
She's smiling from above !

THE CROSS.

[In mediæval poetry the Cross is spoken of as the Rood or Tree.]

TREE that bore the Golden Fruit !
Tree with heaven for its root !
Lo ! my sorrow fainteth mute,
As thy shadows upward shoot.

Oh, Release thy precious prey,
Ere the moments fly away !
Cruel, cruel was the fate
Of the godlike Desolate.

Other voices sing the song
Of thy triumph wide and long ;
I can ne'er forget thy wrong, —
Cannot, cannot join the song !

Save him, save him, Mighty Powers !
Tarry, tarry, traitor hours !
Is no rainbow in the sky ?
Is no warrior standing by ?

All the force of heathen time
Cries, "Call ye not this our crime!"
Judas-like, the tribe elect
Was the rock where thou wert wrecked.

Virgin angels, strew pale flowers ;
Drops of blood, eternal dowers,
Press from out the Heart that first
Loved the race until it burst.

Never will I join the song,
Never will I love thy wrong,
Till the world, to heaven new-born,
By its smile removes the thorn !

THE SAXONS.

THEY'RE with us still in the bright blue eye,
The snowy brow and the purpose high;
They're with us still in the war-men brave,
That sow the battle and reap the grave;
They're with us still in the seamen's might,
They're with us still in the ruddy fight;
Though Norman words in our speech may breathe,
The sturdy old Saxon is underneath!

They're with us yet in the dauntless will,
The power to suffer and be still,
The onward march and the patient halt,
The steady reign and the grim revolt;
In home and hearthstone, in toil and feast,
The Northern blood will be found the best!

Hail to the Saxon! Three times hail!
Hail to the Friesman and his sail!
Hail to the prow that brought them here!
Hail to the land that kept them dear!
Hail to their spirit o'er the sea!
Life-giving North, all hail to thee!

THE WINDOW WITH CLIMBING VINES.

A LIGHT shot out from my Lady's room,
And it filled my heart with thoughts of bloom ;
I knew not whether she slept or woke,
But the Spring was come, and the Winter broke.

She came to her window at break of day,
She hushed the March, and she brought the May,
She opened her casement and looked away,
And I knew to another her thoughts did stray.

But oh ! I have loved her ! Let that suffice ;
I can never watch for her coming twice ;
The bride-bell rings, and the bride-day shines, —
Farewell to the window with climbing vines !

THE PILGRIM.

BROADCAST I sow the seeds of song,
And ask them not again :
Bright as blue heaven's rays of gold,
Full as the pearling rain.

He who to me a guerdon brings,
Brings to my soul amaze, —
A messenger from unknown kings,
To cheer the pilgrim's ways.

Ye little birds that tireless sing,
Be ye my teachers sweet !
Like you on high my soul would wing,
Though wounded be my feet.

And I may meet some lovely fair
Upon my path forlorn,
With fairy-gold upon her hair,
And cheeks that mock the Morn.

Or I may meet some silvered sage,
With stores of lore untold,
Who 're the rich wealth of ev'ry age
In his faint grasp doth hold.

Broadcast I sow the seeds of song,
The sweet earth gives them back
In lovely leaves and frolic flowers
That break along my track.

And when I near the end of Time,
Who, who shall shelter me?
My feet shall find the golden clime,
I seek Eternity.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHAT brighter jewels can I need
Than those I see on high ?
How the great altar overhead
Shimmers eternally !

Can I not pluck a single star,
And wear it on my breast ?
Mortals would seek me from afar,
And I their queen confessed.

Why is all Nature heaven-bright,
Save Man, whom she has made ?
Why is he made to love the light,
And yet himself a shade ?

Thought, of all gifts the only great,
Do thou the heart console ;
Power to enkindle and create,
God gave thy guerdon whole !

TRAVEL.

No more ! No more ! My soul hath drunk
Of the great cup too deep :
The mighty thoughts within my heart
Can ne'er be rocked to sleep.

Is not God more than good and great ?
His palace this, my Soul :
We'll carve and raise our mortal state
To match this mighty Whole.

PROGRESS.

THOUGHT AFTER TENNYSON.

BLUSH, blush, blush,
'Gainst the cold gray clouds, O Day !
And I would I a breath could utter,
That should scatter them all away.

Oh, well for the freeman's son,
That he knows not the name of a slave ;
'T were better his life were done,
And his bloom laid deep in the grave.

Let the stately realms move on,
And build titles high at their will ;
But look for a touch from the Deathless Hand,
And the voice that is never still !

THE VISION OF THE MUSE.

LONELY the vision of a face divine
Hath left the breast that once did call it mine :
The Muse just dropped one footfall on my shrine,
And then was gone forever ;
Still birth, betrothal brief, felled oak that crushed
the vine !

Bright festal guest in prison left to pine,
Lost searcher in the labyrinthine mine, —
All these from hope did scarce more sadly sever.

Once youthful sap went welling through these veins.

But Thought's pale sanction absent was afar :
Now Thought, duenna pale, with me remains,
And the lost vigor is that distant star.
In fragments thus my life's long hope is spent, —
The broken lyre alone proclaiming mine intent.

But, could I raise a gleeful song to heaven,
I'd crush it, lest I lose another's lay :

To my poor half-fledged wings could flight be given,
I'd pause, and near the greater singers stay.
Who would not rather be a giant's guest
Than swell himself to sing his little best?

Desert me not, great friends I bow before!
And pardon, if a second's selfish thought
In one faint flow'r my homage meek would breathe,
By palest incense to your altars brought;
Assume me to yourselves, for nought am I:
Let me your greatness breathe, and breathing die!

THE BURIAL OF ALARIC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF COUNT PLATEN.

NIGHTLY, by Busento, whispers, near Cosenza hollow
singing,
From the water sounds the answer, deep amid its
whirlpools ringing.

By the river stray the shadows of the Gothic warriors,
weeping
For their Alaric, — their hero, who amid the Dead is
sleeping.

All too early, far from Homeland, must they here
their leader lay,
While the youth-curly o'er his shoulders cluster still
in Life's young day.

By the bank of the Busento they are emulously
ranging,
Digging furrows for the river, and its early course
estranging.

In the waveless hollow dig they, — make a tomb
within its earth ;

Deep they sink the corpse, in armor, on his steed of
fiery birth.

Then with earth again they cover him and all his
lofty having,

Till the river-plants, luxuriant, rooted in his breast
are waving.

To its ancient course returning, flows the stream
above the treasure,

Foaming waves of the Busento leap into their ancient
measure.

And there rings a manly chorus : “ Sleep in all thy
hero-glory !

Avarice of greedy Roman ne’er shall hear the mystic
story ! ”

Sang they ; and the Gothic armies echoed back the
glad emotion, —

“ Roll it on, Busento billow ! Roll it on, from sea to
ocean ! ”

THE NUN'S HYMN.

O RELIGIO, passio sacra,
Salutaris, semper pura !
Me protegas, me defendas,
Quùm in mortem sim ventura !

Alba, tenera, ac fida,
Si per te non compugnarem,
Erim verò parricida,
Aut si alteram amarem.

Veni, veni, O Columba,
Clara et immaculata,
Sit sub tuâ dulce umbrâ
Mea anima salvata !

DIRGE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

[DEATH OF THE HEROINE.]

Sine morâ
Venit hora
Quæ nos rapit, ehèu flentes
Hiems venit,
Nos invenit
Vernum, spiritum petentes.

Heu, quàm tenera juvenas !
Tristé, tristé apri, Tumba :
Entrat candida Columba,
Manet nobis hïc paventas.

Parce, Mors — Crudelitas !
Optima fidelitas
Crimen illae erat :
Corpus pulchrum terrâ jacet :
Anima, si Deo placet,
Cœlum dulcè sperat.

Homo, Cave !
Terra, Ave !
Voeat Judex, imus flentes ;
Auster spirat,
Mens admirat
Vané, perimus dolentes.

Sine morâ
Venit hora
Quæ nos rapit, ehèu flentes,
Hiems venit,
Nos invenit
Vernum, spiritum, petentes.

CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT.

How bloom the lovely flowers of sound
Upon dark Silence' widespread field,
Till ears so long by slumber bound
To the sweet spell at last must yield.

They're angel-echoes beckoning me
To climb the brightly shining stair,
And teach my peering soul to see
Where all is heavenly and fair.

Beneath their snowy wings I gaze
On regions that I oft have dreamed, —
Where love is breath and life is praise,
And the sweet air with flower-sighs teemed.

Then straightway would I go to Him
Who made that world and ours so fair,
Before whose Face the cloud-veil dim
Can still be moved by love in prayer.

I'd say, I bless Thee for the stars
And for their flower-sisters sweet ;
I bless Thee for their life and ours,
And that the two at last shall meet !

GOETHE.

GREATEST of all ! Fain would I find
The hidden secret of thy force ;
Promethean, thy volcanic mind
Draws fire from more than earthly source.

Thy beauty is a rhapsody
That icy age could never blench ;
Thy hope, the breathing of a lyre
That, tuned in Heaven, Time could not quench.

Thou, thou delight'st us more than all
The fairest we can see or hear ;
Thy setting, robed in purple pall,
Is like a sunset grand and clear.

And, as that sun to other realms
Conveys his genial smile and kiss,
Still thou enchantèst loving ears
In some more favored clime than this !

MEMNON TO THE SUN.

A STORM HYMN.

I GRIEVE not that thine absence quells
The fount of song in me ;¹
The love to thee that in me dwells
Wells fresh eternally.

What though thou fail'st my brow to greet
With thine accustomed kiss ?
The silence that for thee I keep
Is a more sacred bliss.

Please it my lord in storms to frown,
And to avert his face ;
Soon on his slave he will smile down
With all his wonted grace.

Sweeter the hymn for thee I keep
Grows from this silence long,
Till, when thy favor calls it forth,
'T will be a king of song !

¹ The famous statue of Memnon in Egypt was wont to give forth a singing sound at sunrise on fair days, — a fact traced by scientists to the sudden warming, through solar influence, of the air in a fissure of the colossus.

REST.

REST is the Poet's harbor ;
He fears too fleet a wing,
He feasts on golden silence,
Ere he in silver sing.

He loves to list the echoes
Of a more holy tone, —
To hark to Ocean's music,
Or e'er he lisp his own.

Like to a bashful brooklet,
Like to a soaring bird,
Like to a maiden's murmur,
His song of love is heard.

THE POET'S PALACE.

A FAIRY fane I'd gladly build
Of gold and song and splendor,
And there my heart's delight I'd shrine,
And from all sorrow fend her.

I'd bring her doves and gentle loves
And flowers, — fair food for kisses, —
Till she could never stray away
From out my bower of blisses.

The music that should fill the roof
Should charm the envious angels :
I'd weave her life a golden woof,
Full of love's bright evangels.

The jewels, that my Queen should wear
Should never fade nor wither ;
And monarchs humbly should repair,
And bring their homage thither.

And one, no monarch, but a slave,
 So faithful by her bidding,
Would cull each gentle word she gave,
 And meekly bear her chiding.

PARTED.

THE South for thee will bloom more bright,
The North without thee grow more drear :
Thy presence, like a stream of light,
Bears on its crown of noontide clear.

Fair are the flowers thy love creates,
Sweet wine thy magic mildness pours ;
Thy spirit, in its brightest moods,
Opes into golden realms the doors.

This parting gift thy friendship sends
Is all in all to love and me ;
My drooping mind her pinions mends,
And shares thy soft-robed royalty.

Come to me when the days are young,
And gentle May gives promise sweet,
With flow'rets bright about thee flung,
And Earth full throbbing 'neath thy feet.

I'd see thee 'neath the budding trees,
More tender than the newest flower,
Bring thee the well-spring's purest cup,
And the fair fields' most golden dower.

I'd bid thee bathe in freshest dew,
And on the tend'rest verdure rest ;
Clasp thee 'mid all things fair and new,
Fairest and only, to my breast !

THE NEW ARTEMIS.

DIAN, the huntress, ages dead,
Flits past my vision, lightning-shod ;
The same proud neck and slender head,
And feet that spurn the humble sod.

The moon her crown, and Jove her sire,
And holy maids her kingdom wide,
Her mind august knows no desire,
Save amid forests fair to glide.

Simple her sport is, and the prey
But earthly, at her feet that fell ;
Her brother, monarch of the Day,
Smiles at her chase through glade and dell.

But still her sylvan state she keeps,
Unmindful of his strophes high ;
Her ear, on woodland sounds intent,
Heeds not the haughty melody.

So thou, fair Maid, when lovers proud
To poesy before thee melt,
Wilt not disdain the humble spot
Where one poor swain thine arrows felt.

DEATH OF MISS STARR.

SIGH not to see the silvery Star
 Fade softly from the sky :
A lovely planet, travelling far,
 She seeks her rest on high.

Weary the orbit, fair the ray
 That ends upon this tearful day ;
In other skies she goes to shine, —
 A streamlet of the Light Divine.

No angel could more brightly teach
 Nor pleiad sweetly sing ;
The fairy gifts of thought and speech
 So gracefully she'd bring.

Sigh not, nor call the radiance back
 That was so lately ours ;
Lo ! spirit-hands strew all her track
 With Heaven's unfading flowers.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

“WAILING winds, what is your will with me?

Why shake my chords in your great hands so strong?

Why with my simple strains offended be,

And change to chorus weird my peaceful song?

Have not my notes the freedom of the air?

And would you naught but wails on your rude pinions
bear?”

Thus 'plained the gentle harp, and mourned her
doom,

And thus man's heart to Life's wild tempests spake:

Why reave they leaf by leaf the spirit's bloom,

And of the soul's fair structures havoc make?

Why may the gentle angel of the heart

Not live in its dear shaded shrine apart?

Why must the child-type perish in the man,—

The spirit's wings their shining down resign?

The eye that erst loved heaven, abysses scan,

The lip that drank but dew quaff the fierce wine?

Resign, dark powers, your clutch upon the soul:

Let it move heav'nward, free from your control.

The star ne'er from its orbit dares to stray,
The captive stream forever seeks the sea ;
The golden sun ne'er veils its founts of day,
But smiles alike on slaves and on the free ;
Why goes God's chosen child alone astray, —
Wither in youth, and pine his prime away ?

Oh, Man ! Thy stature cannot be down-crushed !
Full beauteous is the life that waits for thee ;
The whirlwinds round thy slender fane have rushed,
But rainbow-smiles in heaven thou yet shalt see,
And clinging spirit-hands that beckon thee,
And hearts that all thine own shall ever be !

NIGHT.

How beautiful is Night ! How peaceful seems
Her shaded temple, — sacred home of dreams !
How wonderful the journeys that we take,
With her as helmsman, o'er the silent lake
Of Memory, or on Imagination's sea,
Or Hope's broad main, the grandest of the three.

Now let the stars their brilliant watch begin,
That I may woo soft sleep, and gently win ;
Let the breeze flutter faint, then die away,
And magic dreams assert their rainbow sway.
Sweet Night ! To thee my being I resign,
Bright, starry Queen, and seal me wholly thine.

Now pales Aladdin's lamp, — Arabian shade,
Lit by the diamond-eyed, delightful Maid, —
Grows dull before the structures which the heart
Rears for itself, thus lonely and apart.
And all to thee, magician bright, we owe,
That fold'st us to thy breast with mother-glow.

Burn sacred candles to the Queenly Night,
Her worshippers, her subjects we, by right ;
She bends the proudest 'neath her gentle sway ;
Kings, meek as beggars, for her mercy pray ;
Her court of worshippers the wide world spans,
Her dusky pinion brows imperial fans.

Faithful and constant, ever she returns :
Ever her starry conflagration burns
In the blue heaven, to proclaim her Queen ;
Homage responds bright Dian's orb serene ;
The sapphire deeps, enraptured, gilds she o'er,
And happy peace is breathed from shore to shore.

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THE GEM.

God gave me a piercing sorrow,
But it left a fair pearl behind,
In the lingering tear-drop that glistens
Forever in my mind.

Oh ! The thorn bears the tender rosebud,
And the cloud brings the silvery veil ;
And the man with hope in his bosom
Can never grow weary or pale.

THE TRUTH.

I DRINK of thy crystal goblet,
I bathe in thy silver stream,
I feel thy clear wave above me,
And know that I do not dream.

I yield to no mighty monarch,
I bow to no stalwart youth ;
I march with the heart of heroes, —
My war-cry, “ The Truth ! The Truth ! ”

JOY.

SORROW's a thorny nurse ; but soft
Is joy, and mild the man she cradles oft :
The heart must learn from flowers to expand,
Lest Winter seal the bud with icy hand.
Grudge not the simplest wight his cup of joy :
Pour him a draught to banish all alloy.

How piteous e'en the infant grasps at pleasure,
Yet they that fully grant his tiny hope
Love to withhold from brother-man his treasure,
Stint him through sorrow to a dwarfish scope,
Then on their pillow feel no conscience' thorn, —
Nay, smiling sweet, to higher realms are borne.

Sure, 'tis a weakling's task, and yet how sweet,
To smooth the way for worn or climbing feet. —
To give one flower, e'en to the unknown guest,
Or, if he tarry, spread for him our best,
His name full soon forgot, yet long he's blest.

So many hands are ready to pull down,
Destroy the palace, rudely rend the crown,
Ne'er need he fear his friendly office vain,
On whom the poor dread not to look again ;
And all are poor, from greatest unto least, —
Brief, shivering shades, grasping at life's short feast.

For one, I'd gladly stand at Joy's bright door,
Bidding them ever come, and crowd the more :
The world should be a horn of plenty sweet,
Which every helping hand hath power to bend ;
None will refuse the offering to greet ;
The mightiest strive to call the Helper, friend :
The gentle spirit's mission hath no end.

EQUALITY.

THE lady that trains the velvet,
And the girl that toils at the loom,
The hand that flutters the 'kerchief,
And she that weaves it in her bloom ;

The saint in linen and laces,
The drudge repaid but with scorn, —
All form one chain of sorrow and pain,
And together must revel or mourn.

Join hands with the slave and the prelate !
Join hands with the beggar and king !
Poor human breath, between birth and death,
One wonderful song doth sing.

The same in scarlet and tatters !
The same in homespun and gold !
The same in bud and in blossom !
The same when the tale is told !

The book that is closed to another
Shall never be opened to me ;
And while chains are worn by one brother,
I'll ne'er call my spirit free !

Oh, who would pull down the lofty ?
But who would not raise the low ?
Or who would disturb the banquet ?
But who would not heal the woe ?

The same in castle and hovel !
The same in homespun and sheen !
And while one human wretch doth grovel,
The highest is poor and mean.

There's none can deny his cradle,
And none can escape his grave ;
We're all the same, for glory or blame,
And God is the same to save.

BEAUTY.

THE Sun upon a diamond shone,
Till a fay smiled out from the happy stone :
It was no more cold and still and lone,
 But beamed with a radiance rare ;
The noon-rays fell on a marble maid,
And round her slumbering form they played,
Till they changed each sleepy, silv'ry braid
 To an aureole of hair.

The wind wooed the water to billows bold,
The rainbow lent to the cloud its gold,
The poet his flush, when the tale was told,
 To the listening faces there ;
But all did again grow still and cold, —
The beauty was theirs to have, not hold ;
And nought keeps the passionate, perfect mould
 But the soul 'neath its Father's care !

PROTEST.

TELL me no more, — the form I saw
Still in my eyes shall shine !
That being that gave beauty's law,
I still will call it thine !

Tell me no more, — the harp that sang
Thy praise cannot be dumb ;
It was thine angel I beheld :
That angel yet may come.

It was her voice in thine I heard,
Her eyes through thine did shine :
Wait till the angel comes again,
I still will call her mine !

THE NUN.

MOUTH, fair fount of frozen kisses ;
Eyes, sweet sepulchre of blisses ;
Brow, dear temple of dead joy ;
White veil, clouding all so coy, —
Wine to ice, and youth to age,
Change upon thy lovely page.

Spring-flowers struggling o'er a tomb
Seem thy fitful smiles and bloom,
Tender birds by Winter caught,
Sweetest buds by Winter taught
Not to open, not to sing,
For it never can be spring.

Take me to that heaven of thine,
Where the moonbeams palely shine,
Where the roses bloom but white,
Where the stars are shy at night,
Where the breezes dare not sigh,
Where the heart must freeze and die, —
I will shudder, pleasure flee,
If I may but worship thee !

YOUTH TO AGE.

LET others plead for earthly love, as for its prize
they've striven ;

Give me the little, tender smile upon the lips of
Age, —

The glance of grateful greeting in the eyes that look
tow'rd heaven,

The Winter rose that blooms upon the being's
faded page !

Yes ! take the snowy, slender hands that wear the
ring of plighting, —

That may wear it, too, for others, that are never
known to me ;

Give me the trembling touch of palms that rapid
years are blighting, —

The beating of bewildered hearts so near Heaven's
liberty !

Yes ! give me e'en mine enemy, when Age full low
hath laid him ;

I cannot bear the pathos of his clinging voice and
hand ;

He comes so near my spirit, when he stands as God
has made him,
That I fain would bid him tarry ere he reach the
Silent Land.

But, when we see the great and good, angelic truths
that bore us,
As they stand like trembling roses that must scatter
in the blast,
'Tis heaven's agony of love that suddenly comes o'er
us,
And the whole spirit's tribute at their withered
feet is cast !

AGE TO YOUTH.

THE Autumn days are cold, Love,
The Autumn days are chilly ;
Gone is the Summer's gold, Love, —
The violet and lily.

THE Autumn days are brief, Love, —
The night comes swift and chilly ;
Gone is the shelt'ring leaf, Love, —
The path grows steep and hilly.

THE Winter's coming swift, Love, —
I hear his icy sighing ;
I see the piling drift, Love, —
The year is sick and dying.

THEN pile thy hearth-fire bright, Love,
To guide my 'wilder'd feet ;
And trim thy cheerful light, Love,
To be a beacon sweet.

Then take me in to rest, Love,
And bless the cheerful giver ;
A moment in thy nest, Love,
And I am gone forever !

PEACE HYMN.

READ AT THE PEACE MEETING, JUNE 2, 1881.

OH War, too strong and mighty ;
Oh War, in red robes clad, —
Scorch us not with thy wasting pinions,
Lest we grow dazed or mad !

Pour not thy dreaded vintage
Of precious, God-bought blood
To Mars, who grimly thirsteth
In his terrific mood.

We sow no teeth of dragon,
Would reap no steel-clad host ;
The corn our standing army,
The olive-tree our boast.

A tearless maid our priestess,
Who weeps no lover slain ;
A newborn babe our hostage,
Whose sire shall come again ;

Our pride the open portal,
Our pomp sweet Industry,
Our life the happy mirror
Of glad Eternity.

Come, Peace! great white-winged angel,
To bring us love and hope :
The vast earth's mighty measure
Affords thee giant scope.

Smile on the wretched children
The weeping race hath left,
Till not a tomb be bloody,
And not a hearth bereft !

AN OLD ENTERPRISE.

“GOLD ROSTET NICHT.” — *German Proverb.*

[Read at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, Tremont Temple, June 13, 1882.]

FAIR and bright are trifles new,
But the great is ever true :
When those trifles fade in dust,
Shines the gold that cannot rust.

Shines through Springtide's budding fair,
Shines through Summer's ardent air ;
Autumn's frost cannot impair,
Winter finds it glowing there.

Be our emblem, fairest Gold,
Strong as thou the cause we hold ;
Bright as thou our hope and trust,
Firm the faith that cannot rust !

Then from thee a crown we'll build,
Which no artist needs to gild ;
Circling form gives emblem free
Of thy course, Eternity !

Not the serpent, but the dove
Heralds forth the cause we love, —
Cause which all conspire to aid,
Which the great their own have made,
And the gentle for it prayed,
And the strong worked undismayed.

Cause we love, and love the Giver,
Who loves right, and helps it ever, —
Who forsakes its banners never,
When the stoutest quail and quiver.

Yes! That cause, and Thee, its King,
Let the friends of Freedom sing, —
Freedom from the bonds of Fate,
Which she weaves with cruel hate ;

Freedom for the groping blind,
Freedom for the deathless mind,
Freedom for the healing light, —
All its lovers to requite !

BOSTON HARBOR.

OLD Friend, beneath my windows spreading,
With snow-winged fleets so lightly speeding,
Old Foe, that banks and dykes ignores,
Old Neighbor, soaking through my doors, —
Old Boston Bay ! I love thy name,
Beside which foreign gulfs seem tame.

They have their cities fair as ours,
They have their hills all crowned with flowers ;
They have their fiords, of sagas full,
Their belts of vineyards beautiful ;

But thee I love, Old Boston Bay !
That mirrorèst our city gray,
Within which many a direful day
Has seen the right cause win its way.

The towers that from their heights look down,
The dome that our fair slope doth crown,
The wharves, the waves, the winds, the spray, —
All that is thine, Old Boston Bay !

Thy heroes now are laid to rest, —
Hushed is the strife, low is the crest ;
But in the regions of the Blest,
I know they keep their Boston zest !

By pilgrims to the East and West
Thy good old walls are warmly blest ;
And by all comers 'tis confest,
Old Boston ranks her with the best !

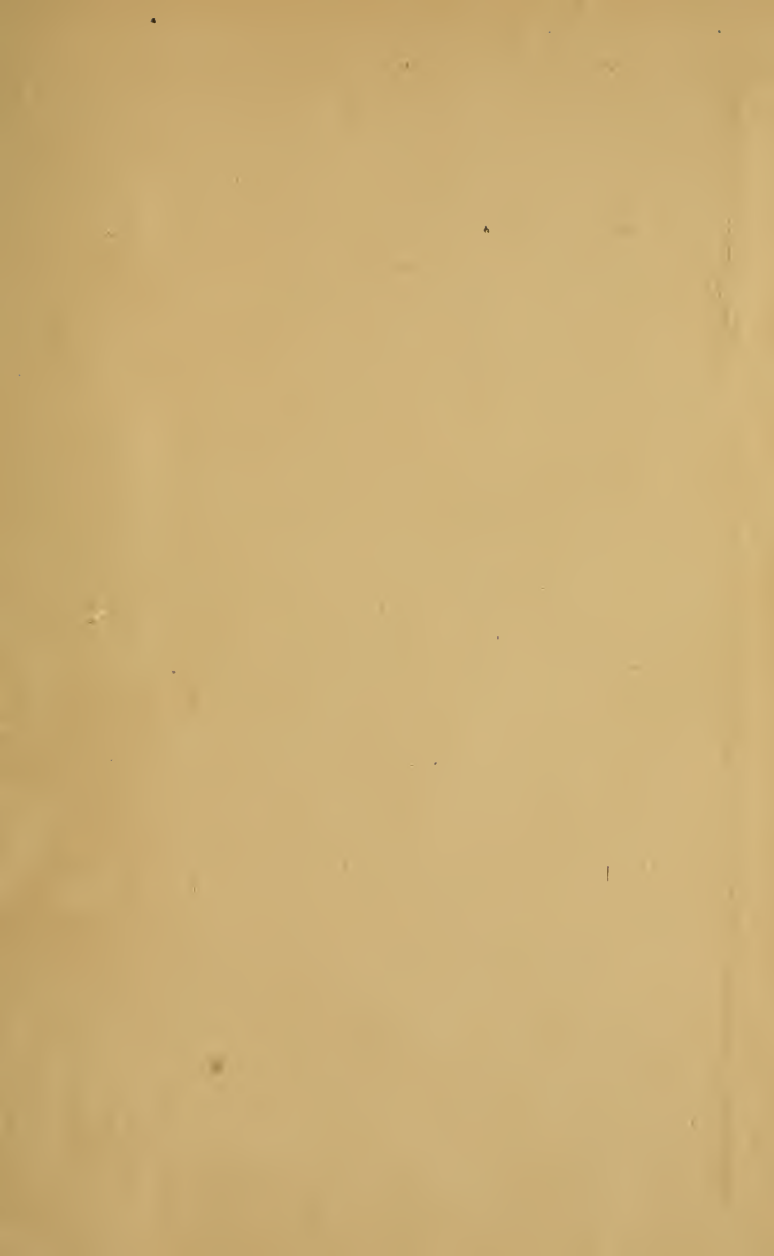
FAREWELL.

Now Silence sets her silver seal
On the poor brooklet's babbling brief ;
A tiny rill, it forth did steal
With its low song of joy and grief.

As wintry streams 'neath Summer's blush,
It fades, 'mid Life's broad smile, away, —
So still, it scarcely needs a "Hush!"
As warning that it must not stay.

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